THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Twenty-One.

Just twenty years! twenty-one!
How swift the sands of Life have run!
It seems but yesterday to me
I garnished at my Mother's knee.
With all an infant's simple lore.
Its sample joys, and tender tears;
And joyed to see the hallowed smile
Rest on her calm like ray the while.
She deemed her wayward child was blest—
That power and wealth in little breast!

Yes, true it is, youth's sun and shower
Have passed on by since that young hour
And left me on the slippery road
Of manhood's long-expected period,
Where higher duties wait to guide
My frail bargue o'er a stormier tide!

Twenty passed my youthful years—
Bright dreaming with joy's ruby wine!
Of shall I gaze upon your chimes
That linger in memory's clime—
A mother's and a sister's care,
A father's wise and fervent prayer,
A brother's kind companionship,
The words of friendship's hallowed lip.
The golden smile that first adorn'd
The horizon of Love's early dawn!
Oh, Time! who deigns to let man share
Thy mercy and Thy holy care,
If as youth's bark is launched on thee
The wild wat-whoop had caused to mourn!

What a picture is conjured up in the second verse! Imagine Twelfth-cake introduced on the stage, and Sandwich island glutton, closed to repletion with his dinner, and you have the very scene with which Mr. Smith has connected such commonplace here, to open his romance. And then how lame the words "had caused to mourn!" Had the whole an editor cannot with the word dragged—and we can testify that all are not—the first canto, or at least its opening verse, should have been bold and nervous.

We give one other instance of the bad taste of Mr. Smith, to show as well his occasional pathetness, as the amateur affectation of the time. The subject of this verses is Capt. Smith, and they may be found at the opening of the third canto:

Of all the knights in England
That ever in armor shone,
A braver heart, a gentler heart
Was that of brave Sir John.
He had passed through perils on the land,
And perils on the sea,
And oftentimes confronted death
In battle fearlessly.
And he fought for home, and he fought for fame,
And that from was the reunion of my mind.
Which I had dismissed of, but not realized,
The bright vision of my youthful days,
And therefore was a picture the more prized.
Somewhat similar to Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"
Cold Heaven told me it was for Romance—
A hope to be realized, and a dream given birth.
When, from its dreams of Heaven, it moulds a form on Earth.

Even as the sculptor who, of old, displayed
The various beauties that his school has ever
Of Venus, Juno, Pallas, and the maid—
And realized his passionate phantasy.
And then engraved upon his shield
From some a dream, and many a form he knew,
And many a form that lived upon my sight
Had been portrayed by me, for my delight
And shield we more, within the glittering throng
Of those I had known, and those I loved so long,
The Curtesies of beauty and of song.
Do we not feel, at first sight, years of love?
Do we not feel, at first sight, years of love?
Is there not, in the heart, a feeling that may beatest,
Comes to us waking, even as we dreamed,
As consciousness to life, and thought to mind?
With life to speak of Love, and Love to light his flame!

Oh! Lady! Lady! I have often mourned
That thou and I had not met in our first years,
But when I saw thee, the dear dream returned
Till, with my youthful days, it disappeared.
The sculptor wooed his marble form in vain
Till Love descended from the skies,
But thou, beloved one, hast the gentle breast
Sure, as thy passing beam, young love might be a guest.

F. W. T.

From the Lady's Book for June.

Elsie Farnham;
Or, The Love Letters.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Elsie Farnham was sister to a physician who resided in the state of Maine. She was left an orphan at a large and flourishing town which bore the Grecian name of Peloponnesus. She had been placed, when a little girl at a fashionable boarding-school, located somewhere on the banks of the Hudson, but having left that school before she attained her fourteenth year, her brother had succeeded to the charge of training and herfortune of twenty thousand dollars. On quitting school at the age of fifteen, she had come to reside with him at the city of New York by an invitation from the Harrel Montrose, who was then in the zenith of her fashionable career. There she became acquainted with the most distinguished literary characters, the most high connections, and independent fortune, who be voting much of his attention to public affairs, was what is called a "rising man." But still, with her good sense and her natural taste for study, she had made a tolerable progress in the knowledge of books except those which she had been obliged to learn the words of a parrot and forgotten the next day. Her winter in the cruse was her first season of gaiety and dressing up. We had our harps and pianos and guitars to which we sang and played, and our portfolios of drawings and pencil painting, and our dances and Germans, and Italian, and Spanish, and German.

Mrs. Farnham had been a widow for a year, how did you manage to retain your exercises on those languages?

Oh! not only pretended to write our exercises—The truth is, we got them done by one of the teachers, who, although she was a lady, was obliged, when she quite talked Nancy Jackson. They said she was a gentleman's lady's maid, and so picked up all sorts of information from the gentlemen who used to call on her mistress. She was very obliging, and would help us, and we paid her for it. But she was a terrible old maid, and looked as if she had a pint of white kid gloves, or a silk scarf, or some such thing, in her pocket.

But did not the assistance of the hand-writing excite suspicion?

Oh no—school girls write pretty nearly alike, and of our language-masters did suspect the truth, he never wanted his time by making a fuss about it.

Your language-master—did not each teach all three languages?

Yes—Mr. Von Shantier (he was a German baron in his own country)—he knew all languages in the world, one just as well as another; only that his American, as he called it, was not very good."

Is it really possible that your exercises were written by this Mademoiselle Annette, alias Nancy Jackson?

"To be sure they were. But she did not help us with our compositions, for she could write nothing out of her own head—though she was quite a sweet woman at foreign languages. Another way of getting her services was to plague her about Mr. Von Shantier, and that always put her into such a good humor that she would do any thing we asked her.

And is it absolutely true, Elsie, that you appeared any difficulty in composing an answer to Harriet Montrose's letters?

"It is true enough. When I am to write about any thing real, (be it ever so trifling,) I am always at a dead stand how to word it, so as to make sense on paper. And if I have to do it all myself, I am puzzled about the spelling, and the stops, and the capitals, and how to finish one sentence and begin another. It is an ease to tell me to try and write just the same as I talk. When it comes to the pen I can do no such thing. Talking is very different from writing: at least it is to me. When I was in New York, if any of my friends were to write me a quaint alteration, I was obliged, after I had sent back the clause to the mantua-maker, who lived at the world's end (as they all did) to go all the way myself, because when I tried to write her the directions by writing a note, somehow I could not make out upon paper the very same clause that I had ended. And worse than all, when Mrs Hunsdrum used to send me her notes to answer, or the notes or parties of the same twelve stupid people always every one of whom I hated; I had to go, because for my life I could never make her understand the excuse that would not have made her throw back her hands and turn up the whites of her eyes, and thank heaven that she had been taught the proper use of the globes.

"Yours is indeed a hard case"—said Dr. Farnham—"I grieve to find that the expense I incurred for education have been so totally neglected, and I take shame to myself for not having more particularly inquired into your progress as you went along. I can only excuse myself by saying that nearly my whole time and attention for many years have been devoted to my professional duties; and that as I found you always looking well when you came home at the vacations, I concluded that if your health did not suffer, your studies could not be very hard; and that in short, as Mrs. Holloway's boarding-school was commended quite as much for the purity of such establishments, I supposed that you were getting on quite as well as the generality of young ladies."

"But dear Arthur"—resumed Elsie Farnham—"all this talk amounts to nothing. Let us go back to the main point. I am in a strange about answering this letter (which lies by me in the form of post) and I want you to help me out of it."

"I hope"—said the Doctor, "that you are not one to send an answer in your name."

"No, no—of course not"—cried Elsie. But I wish you to write a letter for me, and I will copy it exactly, word for word, and then I will send it as my own."

"It is beneath the dignity of a man, to assist a woman in any such deception"—said the Doctor, ceasing to look sternly.

"Well then—what is to become of me—and what will Harriet Montrose think on receiving no answer. If you will not do it, I must get somebody else to write for me. But no! I never will do that, for I have a dreadful inflamation in both thumbs."

The old lady looked up from her knitting in silent horror.

"Shocking!"—exclaimed the Doctor—"has your nerval system been so little cultivated as to permit nervous fears. Have you no idea of the sacred obligation of truth?"

"Let me consider"—I once wrote a composition upon Truth, copied out of the Rambler."

"Oh! that will do"—said the Doctor—"you mortify me more and more every moment."

"You had better help me out of my difficulty"—exclaimed Elsie, bursting into tears.

"Sister Elsie"—said Mary, in a softened voice—"I declare I shall be not crying about it."

The doctor was going to reply, but Mrs Holloway was brought, requesting him to repair immediately to the house of a patient of almost every day, your maid gets out. I never write when I have company, and you know I am a lady's maid. But I will not do it for them. It's enough to be married, and bring children into the world, and have to work for them, without writing for other people. I'll be hanged if I do."

"Why, Belinda"—said the old lady, her handkerchief to her eyes—"I am sure you have no reason to complain. You have always been very well provided for, and have had so much experience of the troubles and vexations of life, as to be quite prepared for what you may possibly have to encounter."

"Experience, indeed!"—cried Belinda, with a toss of her head—"I'm sure I have had enough of it, and more than enough. Every day seems more and more of a bore, for the hour as long as it can be, and the night is longer still. Don't tell me that I went with a Fatal Accident yesterday, for that was not a day, but a night, and when you have a night, you have no day. Every Body had gone out, and I had just met to myself, and was sitting down to my solitary tea, when Mrs. Dod and Miss Dod came in, and they had to stay all night. Then, consulting the dictionaries, she found that the word was an adjective, and that it was the feminine of style she was unconscious, notwithstanding that Mr. Dod had been made to study Blair's Lectures, that is to learn the words by rote and repeat them parrot-fashion. She now determined on writing a letter to her former master in the art of spelling, &c. and was to serve as an exact model. The performance was to be handed in next morning at the last exhibition. Again she set to work at the dictionaries, and found that the word was to be found and left out a word in the first line, and not willing to disturb the whole family at midnight for assistance, she took another fresh sheet and commenced anew.

It would be painful to follow her through the tormander of that weary day, the whole of which was spent in writing and blotting out, and tearing to pieces the letter. She labored at it both morning and afternoon.

And when they rang the evening bell
The letter master was done.

Finally, she got it out to fold it, direct it, or read it till next morning, that she might go quite fresh to the subject, and correct it. At first, Elsie thought of reading her letter aloud to her grandmother, but was deterred by the apprehension that it would bore her still more than it had the lady. She could not, however, resist her inclination to read it herself to Mrs. Farnham, and was about to come to her room at night with a pitcher of fresh water for the night.

"Well, Belinda"—said the young lady, after finishing the letter—"I am always getting all the trouble of your correspondence. I wish you would write a letter for me, and then I shall Kick away the drudgery to Nancy Jackson."

"I think it's a most beautiful letter—replied Belinda—and I don't see what it is about. Somebody, I can't tell what it means."

"That is the fault of your understanding, Belinda—you are so stupid."

"May be so"—replied Belinda. "But I have often heard that all stupid people think themselves clever at all, and somewhat they sounded prettier than that I could not help thinking that I could write as well as some words seems to come in too often. And then I should like to know what it means, and why you put them in not a single happening in it from one end to other. Come, Belinda, you are clever enough, and you blind when they're so love, and may be Mr. Montravie will not find out that there's no sense in it. Come, write it for me, and I'll give you a present."

"Come, come, Belinda"—said Miss Farnham—"you are going quite too far. Let me hear no more of this. Write your own letter, and write it as soon as you can get it, and I shall give grandmamma's letter to Nancy Jackson, and she will copy it over, and, for your late, dare to breathe a syllable to any human being about my having read yours, or about my rendering yours to you. Be sweet as the Doctor says you are."

"Pshaw"—thought Elsie—"what nonsense!—And after all, there was no harm in writing such a thin foolish little girl's letter than to my good grandmamma. Well, I will get rid of it immediately, and write full information. It is really too much for me to be plagued with the correspondence of others, to the neglect of my own. I will not encourage Harriet Montravie in my more absurdity. I wonder why I am so cautious for beaux to write to much clever of it. I wish it were considered improper."

When she met them at tea, Elsie Farnham informed her brother and grandmother that she had concluded to defer writing till the next day, in consequence of a visional headache; and that she had no doubt she could manage the business very well by herself, if she took sufficient time.

Our increase by a stable half the night, pondering on the task of the morrow, and trying to plan a be-

Contra Page.

Original Review.

Pompeiana, or historical commentary, on recent excavations in Campania. The subject of this verses is Capri, Smith, and they may be found at the opening of the third canto:

Of all the knights in England
That ever in armor shone,
A braver heart, a gentler heart
Was that of brave Sir John.
He had passed through perils on the land,
And perils on the sea,
And oftentimes confronted death
In battle fearlessly.
And he fought for home, and he fought for fame,

Such, or nearly such, is the tenor of the preface to the volume on our table. Although worded with appreciated modesty, it is impossible to misunderstand the thought, that every line of this preface was penned with a direct leaning to the increase of the author's fame, and that he has been objectionable methods the eulogy of himself. If we are mistaken in this supposition we ask the author's pardon; but even then we shall contend that he ought not have written a preface which is a riddle, even to his friends. Indeed the best an author can about himself is to say little or nothing—as little as lettuce as it is to compass to play the egotist.—Manners have changed since Horace wrote "Parcite precibus, mei cognatum gentilitium," and men are no longer tolerated who ask you to endorse at sight their claim to fame. It will not do to talk of what's stiff. No matter what you think respecting your production, a dignified and modest silence will always best become you, for that will not be said of you which you would blush to hear even if your own words do not carry, under the guise of modesty, the most insufferable conceit.

The field of literature is open to wide and fertile use. Materials for the hand of genius are strewed around, while the mechanical or scholastic assistance to foreigners than by ourselves, for while "Gertrude of Wyoming," and Chateaubriand's crime have won a world's admiration, and while the "Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion," and "Rokeby" have achieved, worthy of our contributors. Why is this? Why are the laurels, which should have been gathered at home, wasted in the native soil, torn, or if untrimpled been achieved, worthy of our contributors. Why is this? Why are the laurels, which should have been gathered at home, wasted in the native soil, torn, or if untrimpled been achieved, worthy of our contributors. It is because with a want of originality and boldness which have ever been the curse of our native literature, our writers have chosen rather to go abroad, and seek for subjects in foreign climates and foreign chronicles, than to work on the rude but rich mine. They feel Parnassus because it is of Europe, and leave their own quarries equally as rich unbroken. They look for themes in the Alhambra, or some the great present palaces of Venice, or on the olden battle-fields of Europe, as among the storied and classic associations of Egypt—forgetting the wild, yet beautiful traditions which, scattered all over the bright land, breathe forth the spirit of poetry on every line, and are yet demand, more than aught else, to perpetuate the memory of the Indian race. We boil therefore, with a pride, amounting to exultation, the effort of Mr. Smith to draw from the mine of his native land.

Mr. Smith claims the thanks of his country for being the pioneer in the laudable enterprise, and through the whole work manifests a worthy attempt, yet if he has done nothing except to herald the way to brighter and more gifted minds, he merits, as yet, and he shall have the loudest crown.

It is in vain to say that Mr. Smith might have selected another theme, equally poetical, and yet encountered with less Indian traditions. The idea is false. The early wars of the colonists, the heroism of the revolutionary fathers, even the wars of 1812, are all of them more distinguished for gallantry, adventure, and romance itself, than the conquests of Cortez, and of time, will be universally known, to fix them for a poem. It is a rule in all fictions,—superstitious in prose, and of great force in poetry, that the material should be found in the land of the story. Hence much to calmer memories, we now think the fictitious, to their eye answer to the call that half the pleasure of the story is derived from the natural beauty of the scenes in which it is supposed to have such an actors. The perusal of a fine fiction is like dreaming handsome. We come as it were into a pleasant land, and the trees, the flowers, the fruits, of the delicious, but so enchanted and bewildered by the loveliness around us, that we forget to continue in our wakening steps, in order to enjoy the vision.

But although Mr. Smith has chosen the proper field for the poetical romance, he has not, we think, in the particular theme he has selected, and this assertion brings us to another rule which no poet ought to overlook, viz. method the story should never exceed the length of the number of incidents essentially important. The breach of this rule has caused the present romance. However perfect each separate canto may be, the whole is a failure in point of argument. But was had material been selected, the whole would have been a failure in point of interest. It is impossible to look upon men in the light of heroes of romance, when we know as sources of their glory, and their every day life. Even the poet, who sings things through the dim twilight of poetry which happened at our very doors but a century or two ago—the poet who sings of the days of Queen Elizabeth, of James and Pocahontas, are still, despite all the glitter of poetry, the daring soldier, the ingenuous fair, and the bad dressed savage. We ought almost to say, that we will not make to operate a broker shop, to to compose a narrative romance on a subject so near to time. Here no antiquity, or ignorance of our theme, or give us both, and you may write a tremendous poem; but how much is the better, even of Scottish of Wyoming compared, to us who know the scene of the melancholy tale, by the anachronisms of point term, sometimes unintelligible, and the gaudy language of the tropic birds.

In selecting Powhatan, therefore, the author compassed himself to write an indifferent poem. He soon saw his dilemma. If he adhered to history, he soon encountered incidents essentially tropical: if he adhered to the best particular, he found much the poorer subject. With his hands thus tied, unable to extricate himself from the difficulty, conscious of laboring as the phrase goes "against wind and tide," as it ang were, that Mr. Smith executed his task negligently, by suffering his plot to halt, his incidents often to be commonplaced, or his versification at times to sink to the very verge of doggrel.

We shall not enter into a detailed examination of the merits of the poem, for the task would be as thankless as it would be unprofitable. Its character may be summed up in a few words. Without great beauties it has detached passages of merit—displaying no imagination it boasts of considerable fancy—hinting at times in the plot at often matches on its stately grandeur—marred by more than one scene of unbounded foolishness—it rises now and then into considerable power—in short, it is always unequal, often paltry, and never wholly faultless. It must open and be read in little lots—it is impossible to read it at a sitting. Yet it never becomes absolutely tiresome. The reader, Now and then a descriptive passage, especially if referring to natural scenery, reminds us almost of Scott,—but marring the bad, we fancy we have hit upon a page of Blackburne. The effect is like awaking from enchantment. Instead of the sunny skies, glittering rivers, verdant mazes, and luxuriance of the Indian dreamer, the delusion vanishes,—the magical prospect fades,—and we see before us only a black, and sterile landscape.

The opening lines of the first Canto are an illustration:

The monarch rested from his toils.
Weary of war, and full of spoil:
His fierce heart slumbered, and his eye
And shaftless, in his calm lodge,
Where the bright fire threw its ruddy glow,
The wild war-whoop had ceased to sound—

What a picture is conjured up in the second verse! Imagine Powhatan introduced on the stage with a Sandwich island glutton, closed to repletion with his dinner, and you have the very scene with which Mr. Smith has connected such commonplace here, to open his romance. And then how lame the words "had ceased to sound!" Had the whole an editor cannot with the word dragged—and we can testify that all are not—the first canto, or at least its opening verse, should have been bold and nervous.

We give one other instance of the bad taste of Mr. Smith, to show as well his occasional pathetness, as the amateur affectation of the time. The subject of this verses is Capri, Smith, and they may be found at the opening of the third canto:

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And perils on the sea,
And oftentimes confronted death
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And he fought for home, and he fought for fame,

But how are we, a poet's son and shower
Have passed on by since that young hour
And left me on the slippery road
Of manhood's long-expected period,
Where higher duties wait to guide
My frail bargue o'er a stormier tide!

Twenty passed my youthful years—
Bright dreaming with joy's ruby wine!
Of shall I gaze upon your chimes
That linger in memory's clime—
A mother's and a sister's care,
A father's wise and fervent prayer,
A brother's kind companionship,
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June Magazines.

From the Ladies' Companion, for June

To Emelie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOWARD PINCKNEY." &c.

Lady, when I became a wanderer
I had my feelings in the cold dark art,
Made wo to sorrow, and to joy impart
And mut the dim sepulchral flame should burn.
But for the dead, who could not be entranged.
Dear Minstrel, thou hast touched the hidden spring,
That Love should come but as a mourning friend.
Bidding the tears to flow, and the heart form to bend
To grief.

That from was the reunion of my mind.
Which I had dismissed of, but not realized,
The bright vision of my youthful days,
And therefore was a picture the more prized.
Somewhat similar to Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"
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A hope to be realized, and a dream given birth.
When, from its dreams of Heaven, it moulds a form on Earth.

Even as the sculptor who, of old, displayed
The various beauties that his school has ever
Of Venus, Juno, Pallas, and the maid—
And realized his passionate phantasy.
And then engraved upon his shield
From some a dream, and many a form he knew,
And many a form that lived upon my sight
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And shield we more, within the glittering throng
Of those I had known, and those I loved so long,
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"To be sure they were. But she did not help us with our compositions, for she could write nothing out of her own head—though she was quite a sweet woman at foreign languages. Another way of getting her services was to plague her about Mr. Von Shantier, and that always put her into such a good humor that she would do any thing we asked her.

And is it absolutely true, Elsie, that you appeared any difficulty in composing an answer to Harriet Montrose's letters?

"It is true enough. When I am to write about any thing real, (be it ever so trifling,) I am always at a dead stand how to word it, so as to make sense on paper. And if I have to do it all myself, I am puzzled about the spelling, and the stops, and the capitals, and how to finish one sentence and begin another. It is an ease to tell me to try and write just the same as I talk. When it comes to the pen I can do no such thing. Talking is very different from writing: at least it is to me. When I was in New York, if any of my friends were to write me a quaint alteration, I was obliged, after I had sent back the clause to the mantua-maker, who lived at the world's end (as they all did) to go all the way myself, because when I tried to write her the directions by writing a note, somehow I could not make out upon paper the very same clause that I had ended. And worse than all, when Mrs Hunsdrum used to send me her notes to answer, or the notes or parties of the same twelve stupid people always every one of whom I hated; I had to go, because for my life I could never make her understand the excuse that would not have made her throw back her hands and turn up the whites of her eyes, and thank heaven that she had been taught the proper use of the globes.

"Yours is indeed a hard case"—said Dr. Farnham—"I grieve to find that the expense I incurred for education have been so totally neglected, and I take shame to myself for not having more particularly inquired into your progress as you went along. I can only excuse myself by saying that nearly my whole time and attention for many years have been devoted to my professional duties; and that as I found you always looking well when you came home at the vacations, I concluded that if your health did not suffer, your studies could not be very hard; and that in short, as Mrs. Holloway's boarding-school was commended quite as much for the purity of such establishments, I supposed that you were getting on quite as well as the generality of young ladies."

"But dear Arthur"—resumed Elsie Farnham—"all this talk amounts to nothing. Let us go back to the main point. I am in a strange about answering this letter (which lies by me in the form of post) and I want you to help me out of it."

"I hope"—said the Doctor, "that you are not one to send an answer in your name."

"No, no—of course not"—cried Elsie. But I wish you to write a letter for me, and I will copy it exactly, word for word, and then I will send it as my own."

"It is beneath the dignity of a man, to assist a woman in any such deception"—said the Doctor, ceasing to look sternly.

"Well then—what is to become of me—and what will Harriet Montrose think on receiving no answer. If you will not do it, I must get somebody else to write for me. But no! I never will do that, for I have a dreadful inflamation in both thumbs."

The old lady looked up from her knitting in silent horror.

"Shocking!"—exclaimed the Doctor—"has your nerval system been so little cultivated as to permit nervous fears. Have you no idea of the sacred obligation of truth?"

"Let me consider—I once wrote a composition upon Truth, copied out of the Rambler."

"Oh! that will do"—said the Doctor—"you mortify me more and more every moment."

"You had better help me out of my difficulty"—exclaimed Elsie, bursting into tears.

"Sister Elsie"—said Mary, in a softened voice—"I declare I shall be not crying about it."

The doctor was going to reply, but Mrs Holloway was brought, requesting him to repair immediately to the house of a patient of almost every day, your maid gets out. I never write when I have company, and you know I am a lady's maid. But I will not do it for them. It's enough to be married, and bring children into the world, and have to work for them, without writing for other people. I'll be hanged if I do."

"Why, Belinda"—said the old lady, her handkerchief to her eyes—"I am sure you have no reason to complain. You have always been very well provided for, and have had so much experience of the troubles and vexations of life, as to be quite prepared for what you may possibly have to encounter."

"Experience, indeed!"—cried Belinda, with a toss of her head—"I'm sure I have had enough of it, and more than enough. Every day seems more and more of a bore, for the hour as long as it can be, and the night is longer still. Don't tell me that I went with a Fatal Accident yesterday, for that was not a day, but a night, and when you have a night, you have no day. Every Body had gone out, and I had just met to myself, and was sitting down to my solitary tea, when Mrs. Dod and Miss Dod came in, and they had to stay all night. Then, consulting the dictionaries, she found that the word was an adjective, and that it was the feminine of style she was unconscious, notwithstanding that Mr. Dod had been made to study Blair's Lectures, that is to learn the words by rote and repeat them parrot-fashion. She now determined on writing a letter to her former master in the art of spelling, &c. and was to serve as an exact model. The performance was to be handed in next morning at the last exhibition. Again she set to work at the dictionaries, and found that the word was to be found and left out a word in the first line, and not willing to disturb the whole family at midnight for assistance, she took another fresh sheet and commenced anew.

It would be painful to follow her through the tormander of that weary day, the whole of which was spent in writing and blotting out, and tearing to pieces the letter. She labored at it both morning and afternoon.

And when they rang the evening bell
The letter master was done.

Finally, she got it out to fold it, direct it, or read it till next morning, that she might go quite fresh to the subject, and correct it. At first, Elsie thought of reading her letter aloud to her grandmother, but was deterred by the apprehension that it would bore her still more than it had the lady. She could not, however, resist her inclination to read it herself to Mrs. Farnham, and was about to come to her room at night with a pitcher of fresh water for the night.

"Well, Belinda"—said the young lady, after finishing the letter—"I am always getting all the trouble of your correspondence. I wish you would write a letter for me, and then I shall Kick away the drudgery to Nancy Jackson."

"I think it's a most beautiful letter—replied Belinda—and I don't see what it is about. Somebody, I can't tell what it means."

"That is the fault of your understanding, Belinda—you are so stupid."

"May be so"—replied Belinda. "But I have often heard that all stupid people think themselves clever at all, and somewhat they sounded prettier than that I could not help thinking that I could write as well as some words seems to come in too often. And then I should like to know what it means, and why you put them in not a single happening in it from one end to other. Come, Belinda, you are clever enough, and you blind when they're so love, and may be Mr. Montravie will not find out that there's no sense in it. Come, write it for me, and I'll give you a present."

"Come, come, Belinda"—said Miss Farnham—"you are going quite too far. Let me hear no more of this. Write your own letter, and write it as soon as you can get it, and I shall give grandmamma's letter to Nancy Jackson, and she will copy it over, and, for your late, dare to breathe a syllable to any human being about my having read yours, or about my rendering yours to you. Be sweet as the Doctor says you are."

"Pshaw"—thought Elsie—"what nonsense!—And after all, there was no harm in writing such a thin foolish little girl's letter than to my good grandmamma. Well, I will get rid of it immediately, and write full information. It is really too much for me to be plagued with the correspondence of others, to the neglect of my own. I will not encourage Harriet Montravie in my more absurdity. I wonder why I am so cautious for beaux to write to much clever of it. I wish it were considered improper."

When she met them at tea, Elsie Farnham informed her brother and grandmother that she had concluded to defer writing till the next day, in consequence of a visional headache; and that she had no doubt she could manage the business very well by herself, if she took sufficient time.

Our increase by a stable half the night, pondering on the task of the morrow, and trying to plan a be-

Contra Page.

Terms.

Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

PILLS

LOZENGES

LOZENGES

grew calmer, and after long and painful deliberation, he came to the conclusion that the straightest course was the best, and that he would write to Dr. Farnham, candidly stating the truth, but in as delicate a manner as possible. This he did by return of post; requesting Dr. Farnham to reconsider Ellen their finding on pecuniary of her letter (so indicative of that incapability of mind and affinity of taste, without which there cannot be happiness in married life, he had thought it best for both parties that there engagement should be cancelled), he enclosed the returned the letter, and requested that his should be sent back to him.

We need not describe the regret and vexation of Dr. Farnham on reading Horace Montague's letter and the epistle which it inclosed. And he blamed himself for not having taken more account of the education of his sister. It was a severe task to break to Ellen the unsatisfying subject of her lover's rejection. He consulted the old lady, whose charge she was still greater than his own, except that it was unaided with self-reproach.

"Poor thing—poor thing"—ejaculated Mrs. Farnham—"how it will pity the child be! What can be done?—How shall we tell her?—Why did not she take a copy of my letter?—She would have been right then. However, I will go to her room and let her know all about it—for the sooner it is over the better. It will break her heart, I fear, to know that the darling of Mrs. Grady's party. But I am very sure after such news as this, she will not be in a state to go there—at any where else. I am certain it will cost her a long fit of sickness. Come dear Dr. and we will consult about her, and topics, and sages in the house. Perhaps last best tell Cato to go to the cozy and catch a fowl straight, for I dare say chicken-broth will be wanted for her to-morrow." Poor dear girl!—I expect she will find fever the moment she reads Horace's letter. I will take the camphor bottle with me, and also a few bad feathers to burn under her poor nose."

At this moment, Dr. Farnham was sent for to go immediately to a patient, and the good old lady, provided with a plentiful supply of remedies for fainting fits, repaired to Ellen's apartment, and found her grand-daughter before the glass, while Belinda was dressing the back of her fine dress.

"Dear, dear Ellen"—said Mrs. Farnham—"I have bad news for you. There, sit down in the wide chair. Belinda, go out."—Belinda obeyed, but remained in the door sill to be assigned the reason her to burglary-hole.

Mrs. Farnham then put Horace's letter, inclosing Ellen's own, into the hand of her grand-daughter, who started, color, and then by turns read it over, pleased a few minutes. She then returned to the mirror, whirled round a few steps, and sagging a chair, motioned to put an additional flower to her hair, saying:—Well, grandmother, if Horace Montague won't have me, somebody else will, and I am not the least afraid but I shall get quite as good a match, and perhaps a better still. I suppose I have been had much power with my self-control, dear head—I don't believe we are at all suited to each other. So you and Arthur may announce, as soon as you please, that the engagement is broken off—and I am again free. It is just as common now to be precious a breaking-off as an engagement. His letter was very great, to be sure, when it went entirely by letters. Yes—I think we are best apart."

"Ellen"—said the old lady—"don't you feel hurt?"

"Not at all, grandma."

"No choking in your throat?"

"Not the least."

"No sickness about your heart?"

"None whatever, grandma."

"Perhaps you had better take a few drops of camphor and water."

"What for, dear grandma."

"Why—for fear"

"No—I hate camphor."

"Don't say that, dear—it's wicked to hate medicine."

"Well, grandma, don't be uneasy about me—I am going to the party, and I shall enjoy myself enough there to put that important fellow Horace Montague quite out of my head. If he does choose a wife by her letter-writing, he had better take Katy Hickory as with her gift of the pen, and suggest a month. I am sure that I can wish him nothing worse."

Belinda would have listened longer at the key hole, only that she was so impatient to communicate that she had already heard—and therefore to the kitchen she made her report to the other servants. Her version of the story was, that Miss Eliza sweetheart had given her up because she wrote him a bad letter, and that the young fool was glad of it at all, but pranced about the room, and said—"Have a good fish in the sea as ever was caught"—and that she had seven other beaux waiting for her at the ball door, and that her old sweet-heart was going right off to marry somebody named Kate with a horse-shoe nose and a pug-mouth.

"I guess"—added Belinda—"Miss Eliza is sorry enough now that she did not copy more out of my letter. But I'll just step over to Mrs. Sackett's kitchen, and let Venus and Diana know how the change has turned out."

Miss Farnham came home from the ball in the worst spirits that ever was seen. She had never many beaux, but she had made no conquest. Nor was it so, but from the impression of the Ellen the first emotion of resentment and bravado were now succeeded by a deep sense of mortification, and she felt that the loss of her lover was not such a trifle as she had been willing to suppose, and the dawn of the morning her still lonely, and as true.

At breakfast, she looked very pale and was unusually silent. And though her grandmother, fearing that she did not eat enough, tried to coax and wheedle her into a little of everything, not a delicious thing could tempt her appetite, or restore her smiles.

When the old lady had left the room to get orders for dinner, Dr. Farnham commenced a conversation with his sister on the delicacy of which had led to the recent rejection of her by her handsome lover. She seemed much touched, and her brother could see how deeply mortified she would set about the improvement of her mind with earnest assiduity. He advised that she should unfamiliarly devote her forenoons to reading and writing, and continue the practice of occasionally improving morning visits; and he proposed that she should every day address to him a letter on some thing that she had seen, heard, or read. This, he assured his sister, would greatly increase her correspondence, and every thing appertaining to epistolary correspondence. Ellen at first shrunk from the task; but her brother urged her to persevere. It soon grew comparatively easy, and eventually it became one of greatest pleasures. Long ere short time she began to delight in books, and the more she read, the more she wished for the opportunities as well as to writing.

Horace Montague received from Dr. Farnham, by mail, his own letter to Ellen, that first and only letter, the reply to which had produced so many consequences. It was enclosed in a blank envelope, to signify that no further communication could take place between them. On other flowing, (though he did not tell her so) that his young and inexperienced sister had been treated with much severity by her double-refined lover. In a few days after the receipt of his first and last letter from Horace Montague embarked in one of the Havre packets with the resolution of spending several years in Europe. During the voyage, he found it more difficult than Ellen Farnham found it could be had at first supposed; but he consoled himself for the ago his love-affair had taken by reflecting on her absurd and ridiculous epistle, every word of which seemed indelibly engraven on his memory. "A"—thought he—"did it for the best—I never could have been happy with such an illiterate simpleton as she evidently is—certainly not a man that is ashamed of his wife and letter to write out one."

After passing two years on the European continent, Horace Montague made a second visit to London, and there he found in the person of Mrs. Ansell (an American lady, who, with her husband, had been living there for some months) the confidante of Miss Copley at whose house in New York he had first met Ellen Farnham. Mrs. Ansell, though fortune's a very giddy girl, devoted to those not parties, had married a very prudent man, and had fair to become a sensible woman. She had seen much of Ellen in her native land of America, and of her beauty and, with many tears, confided to her friend the whole history of her early acquaintance with Horace Montague. It had been settled that the two ladies should correspond regularly while Horace Montague.

Montague took an early opportunity, though with flushed cheek and downcast eyes, of inquiring after Miss Farnham. "She was well when I last heard from her"—answered Mrs. Ansell. "She writes me a letter once a month, and I expect one from her by the next arrival."

"What curious letters they must be"—thought Horace.

Just then Mr. Ansell came in with a smiling face, and threw on the table half a dozen American letters. Mrs. Ansell, having first opened those one from her own mother, took up an epistle folded, sealed, and addressed with unusual regularity. "Ah!"—said she—"this is from Miss Farnham.—Montague, you must excuse me for giving words to look at the inside," and was unable to understand how those Mrs. Ansell knew nothing that about the Bank of the United States. He was not, however, kept very long in suspense, for Mrs. Ansell, after a few, for Mrs. Ansell having hastily perused it, put it into his hand, saying:—Mr. Montague, there is nothing in this that may not be seen by you."

Her hero read the contents with much emotion and equal surprise. The bold, awkward, straggling characters, the queer incorrect lines, the spelling, and the style were forty, sophisticated, and originality so like the spelling and punctuation used perfect, that he could not help smiling, and instantly saw in the whole true forty, sophisticated, and originality so like the spelling and punctuation used perfect, that he could not help smiling, and instantly saw in the whole true history, and the letter so utterly unlike all that he had ever seen from the pen of a female correspondent

SATURDAY POST.

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Agents will please enclose their letters with their names or initials.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep a paper like ours correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to an extra copy.

Remember, money always to state for what Post Office remitted from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

EP Isaac H. Tucker, Esq., of Washington, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gentleman's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe to either publication, will do well to call on him.

EP I. E. James is our general travelling agent, second to J. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooke. Subscribers and local agents with whom they are to call will oblige us by settling with them.

EP Thomas Wood, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Lady's Book, and for the New England States as well as on many on the genius of the Lady's Book. Carlyle, of which we can only say that it should be dropped. Godey's like pure gold hidden among the rubbish of a bad mine. Godey has given a better portraiture than

for June, is promptly on our table. We recently saw unusually fine Rauke's History of the Popes, and Lardner's Cyclopedia, published among his Miscellanies, for in the June number. There is a very excellent medical article here. Then follow the continuation, "Barnaby Rudge," and "Sketches of Character," in prose and verse, to take the European magazines, the current literature of the day, and Godey's Monthly.

for June—is on our table. The splendid steel engraving of a "Roman Girl" is the prominent feature, especially on the country. On the whole, however, we incline to the opinion that a large proportion of the books of Pennsylvania, will accept the offer, especially as the Governor has just made a formal call upon them, for a loan at 5 per cent. to pay the interest on the State debt due in August, which loan they are compelled by an act of the Legislature, to agree to, to one-fifth of the extent of their capital stock, if required by the Governor.

New Bank Currencies.—The following is a copy of the new Bank Certificates recently issued in this city. The object is to prevent the issue of notes under the Relief Bill, as they apply to old certificates.—This bank has rejected the Relief Bill, and some feeling has been awakened in the community by this gross infraction of the spirit of the law.

THE GIRARD BANK, May 12, 1841.

5 In the City of Philadelphia will receive this Certificate of FIVE DOLLARS, in payment of any amount in payment of debts due the Institution.

Wm. M. Lewis, Cash'r. C. J. Baker, Pres.

It will be seen that the above "obligation" is only binding upon the institution when presented in payment of *debts*, so that if thousands of these worthless bills get out over the country, and it should be of interest to the bank, the unfortunate holder who owns the bank nothing, will be obliged to suffer a ruinous loss to get them off to those who are indebted to the institution—or the bank need not trouble itself to redeem the amount of debts due, and thus render them worthless rags. The community should not submit to the imposition of an evil which the Legislature *cannot* legislate *against* but*ton* them.

Bicknell's *Reporter* gives the following new counterfeits.

Union Bank, New York.—5s, letter A, payable to W. Coit Jones, and signed by Wm. Jones, Cash'r, and the names of the engravers—in the genuine, Casilear, Durand, Hatfield & Edmonds; in the counterfeit, Wright, Hawkins & Co., Philadelphia.

Merchants' Bank, *Portland, Me.*—5s, letter A, payable to J. Pratt, June 6, 1839. H. Ellis, Cashier, B. Brast, Pres't. Is dated in writing and signature, and engraved by Engravers, Terry, Pelton & Co. Boston and Providence.

Another—5s, letters of the bank, payable to H. Cate, dated Shawmetown, June 1st, 1841. Signed by Haines, with one of the names of Cate. No. 1359, the words "or bearer," very indistinct, engravers' names, date and general appearance of the note is well calculated to deceive the unwary—purporting to be issued by Bank of Illinois, Cash'r.

Alleged Bank Notes.—We caution all business men to look well to the notes which they receive, especially those of the higher denominations. There is more counterfeiting in the way than any other. Hardly a day passes that we do not receive circulars, both small and large, calling our attention to the issue of notes of banks which have no existence, and which are issued from ones and tens to tens, twenties or fifties. This system of swindling is carried on to an extent that it is impossible to describe the various notes that have been offered to us. Every one should be on his guard, and look sharply for, for the work is often done so neatly as to deceive even the most practised eye.

Four dollar notes purporting to be issued by the Bank of Lewes Delaware, and signed by Cashier Wilson, and such bank is in operation now in Canada; the engravings on paper, colors and vignettes are well and very fine. A. The engraving is rather light, and the lettering badly executed. The paper is coarse and unsuited for taking these notes.

One dollar bills of the Bank of Toledo, Mass. are in circulation.

Sales at Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending June 5th, 1841.

1815	shares United States Bank,	99@5?
700	do. Vicksburg Bank,	1@?1
50	do. Girard Bank,	99@100
70	do. Girard Bank,	73@80
50	do. Reading R. R.	40
50	do. Reading R. R.	39
50	do. Mechanics' Bank,	74
50	do. do. do.	74
50	do. Mon. & Mec. Bank,	30
50	do. Commercial Bank,	30
50	do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	99
50	do. Girard Bank,	99
25	do. Far. & Mechanics Bank,	104
50	do. Commercial Union	1
5	do. Mechanics Bank,	104

Melancholy Shipwreck.

It appears from the Cincinnati Gazette, that on Saturday Morning, of May 22, to record a calamity involving destruction of human life of a most appalling character. It is the duty and the hope of the passengers of the brig Manchester, Captain Underhill, to be the bearer of the most distressing and disastrous intelligence of which the following is an accurate statement.

The Manchester left Limerick, Ireland, on the 31st of April last, for this port, with one hundred and forty-one passengers, emigrants, intending to settle in this country. The vessel had a tolerably prosperous voyage up to Tuesday last, at four o'clock in the morning, when, off the Light House, Long Island Head, she struck on a breaker not running at the time, but the boats were launched and the passengers took to her four chains.

Upward of one hundred passengers embarked in the boats, but their doom was quickly sealed; the vessel struck—landed off the breakers—and the boats were dashed to pieces, no doubt, by the passengers' of the boats could not be cast off, and the vessel, with the remainder of the boats remained, with their equally unfortunate companions on board. The boats were dashed to pieces by the vessel's bow passengers, who alone of upward of one hundred and fifty souls, escaped to tell the tale.

Three eight persons had embarked in the rig, which were boxing, astern, and fortunately for them the rope which attached it to the vessel broke when she went down. They succeeded in reaching the light house quarry, but a total inside by an accident of the night, and the keeper, who was absent at the time, was brought to Green Isle.

Captain Underhill, of the unfortunate Manchester, behaved most gallantly during the awful scene, until he perished with the rest. He would not leave the vessel until he saw the vessel until his passengers were saved, and he was the last person who left the wreck. He was a brave man.

Following is a statement of the number of the crew and passengers who perished:—Crew—Captain Underhill, mate and steward, 3; cook, 1; seamen, 4; total, 8. Steerage—Children under 1 year, 3; under 5, 11; under 14, 10; females do. 8; under 14, 5; females do. 11; infants, 10. Total, 48.

Old Friends' Miss House.

This well known hotel is closed for the season. The U. S. Gazette speaks thus on the occasion:

We learn that the old Mansion House, in Walnut street above Third street, is to be torn down and on its site is to be erected another and handsomer edifice, giving a new beauty to that part of the square, already enriched with the Saving Fund building, and that of the American Insurance Company.

One word about the old stone house: We take leave of it with deep regret, for many years it has been one of the most crowded and approved, it nevertheless has long been a favorite. It is to a remnant of the taste and liberality of other days. We will not to leave it contented, but we may be excused some natural sighs at the prospect of its early demolition. May we not hope that some of our retains will make a drawing of the old house?

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Acadia.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

No news of the President.—Icebergs and rumors of a Wreck.—Corn Laws agitated.—News from France, Spain, Algiers, China, and the East.

The steamship Acadia arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, having left Liverpool on the thirteen days and a half. She left Liverpool on the 19th, and had good weather most of the time; having seen many icebergs.

The Great Western arrived at King's Road on the 18th, thus completing her last voyage in 13 days, and fairly beating the Columbia.

The steamship Columbia arrived at Liverpool on the 19th, having made the passage in thirteen days. The Sirius arrived which reported a wreck from which the vessel at that island, which had picked up the Captain and two seamen of an American vessel, and had reported that fifty-six other persons, who had been in the boats, were still missing. The vessel was detained in consequence of running foul of an iceberg; the skipper stated that he had seen the captain of the Monument of the Pierce.

London, May 18.

The President Steamship.

Up to yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, no tidings of the missing steamship President, under command of R. N. commander, had been received by the British and American Steam Navigation Company, at their office in Bishopsgate, Billiter street.

The following express have been received:—

—Cove of Cork, May 12.

—The Columbia Packet, Captain Lang, from Monte Video, which place she left on the 17th of January, for Antwerp, touched here this morn, and Captain Barnet reports that 10 days since (3d instant), in long. 18, he saw at a distance a steamer supposed to be the lost one, and which appeared to him to be disabled, as she was lying to, and he could not make out the name of the vessel. As night came on he lost sight of her, and two days after encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay. The apparently disabled ship was so far from him that he could not speak her, and therefore knew not who was a large steamer."

The Captain could not learn that the President was missing until reaked by the gentleman (George Wright, Esq.) to whom the letter was addressed.

Extraordinary Fields of Ice in the Atlantic.

The following is an extract of a letter, written by Capt. James Hosken, commander of the ship

—"Great Western Steamship,
Bristol Channel, May 14, 1841.

—Sir—I refer you to the log of the ship Acadia that it has been seen this year, has never before been heard of in the Atlantic, and I have to give you the following details for the information of your readers:—On Sunday, April 4th, in lat. 42 N. long. 47 W. we fell in with ice lying on the starboard bows, at 7 80 passed it; at that time it appeared to us, as far as we could see, 15 passed in small pieces of low-blessed the engine.

At 10 A. M. the ship was surrounded with bright field ice, which appeared similar to a field I saw in the month of 1840, April 14th, 1840, when I expected to go slowly, with the hopes of getting through as I had done on that occasion, but by 7 30 finding it became closely packed, and much thicker, prudence dictated our course. We then hauled to the wind, and the engine was stopped, and attempting to get the ship's head to the northward, and discovering a head and astern field there was room for her to come round; in the course of this operation she struck a piece of ice, which she stradled her keel given by either wheel passing over large masses of ice.

At 10 45 succeeded in getting the ship's head to the eastward, and by 11 entirely clear; from this time went slowly, passing several icebergs; the night at times very clear, the astern bowrds were bright. At 3 30 A. m. of the 5th, we passed the last iceberg, and after passing a short round on our keel, and steered E. S. counting the ice as far as we could see, 20, 21, 22 miles, the weather running through innumerable icebergs.

The ship behaved nicely after the ice was safe as far as the rest could touch us to unbroken line from N. E. by E. to the northward and N. W. by W. of the same time ice-bergs innumerable in every direction, and apparently of great magnitude.

Some of the icebergs I estimate a little less than a mile long, and from 150 to 200 feet high; this field of ice was in very large masses, some of them not less than 40 feet square by 6 feet thick or more.

Corn Laws.

The principal topic of conversation was the proposed repeal of the corn laws; but no definite action was had on the subject in Parliament.

Lord John Russel has announced his scale of corn duties to be imposed and supported on leading Resolutions. Its as follows:

On wheat so per quarter
On rye 5s.
On barley 4s. 6d.
On oats 3s. 6d.

Great is the enthusiasm against the Corn laws in England, as is evidenced by the feeling which exists in Scotland. There is scarcely a town or district of the least importance in the latter country, from which no petition, or taken some other measure to accomplish the overthrow of Ireland's monopolizing system. In fact the immense number of petitions already presented to Parliament, from Scotland alone, would, if more have been forwarded within the past week. From Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leith, &c. they are sent on almost an extend that it is impossible to describe the various notes that have been adopted. Every town has its public meetings and by petitioning, is highly to the honor of the inhabitants of Scotland, that they are so much to the use of knowledge. Public meetings have been held at Greenock, Paisley, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen and many other places.

Loss of the William Brown.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—Harve, May 10. The Louis Philippe, New York packet ship, has this morning brought intelligence of the loss of the fine American ship Wm. Brown, with seamen on board, the report being brought by the captain of the Louis Philippe. The excitement was beyond all description. On the arrival of the packet, the quays and the Place de la Comedie were in waiting, and immediately took rolls entirely the Louis Philippe, and the William Brown. The latter left Liverpool for Philadelphia, which was sunk by the Louis Philippe in the latter part of last month, when the vessel struck, thirty-three passengers, with the captain, three of the crew and eleven passengers, in the long boat, and the rest in the small boat. The boats parted in the night. Some days after, the long boat, with the captain and crew, was seen by the lighten the boat to throw seventeen of the passengers overboard, and having hoisted a sail, steered for the most horrid and revolting scenes took place. Some clung to the sides of the boat, praying in vain to be taken in, others were thrown in, and were pushed into the deep. Fifteen ladies and two men remained in the boat. One of the ladies died on the passage, and was thrown into the boat, and saved the survivors of this horrid deed. The survivors were landed at Havre, and the boat was arrived in the Ville de Lyon; they are now under examination before the Admiral's tribunal. The vessel was not insured, and the loss is considerable.

The Captain has received a concurrence to the resolution of the House for the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry on the President.

Mr. Allen moved to strike out the word President and insert the word Speaker, as the proposition was unconstitutional sufficient, showing the impropriety of the resolution. Mr. Adams replied to Mr. Allen, and said that some documents existed, when the Alien and Sedition laws were under discussion, and it was expected—58 to 8.

The resolution of the House was then adopted.

A committee of two were appointed to wait upon the President, and Messrs Hopkinson and Archer were appointed.

The Speaker's reading of the message, Mr. Mangum moved that his thousand copies be printed, but subsequently withdrew the motion at the request of

Some remarks were made by Messrs. Clay, Calhoun and Mangum, when the message was ordered to be laid on the table.

The message of the President was then received and read by the Clerk.

On motion of Mr. Slade, 10,000 copies of the Message were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Clay moved that the usual reference of the topics of the Message.

Mr. Graham, of North Carolina, gave notice of a resolution to repeal the Sub Treasury.

And the House adjourned to 12 o'clock to-morrow.

Santa Fe Caravans.

The St. Louis Republican of the 19th ult. says, yesterday the last few wagons bound to Santa Fe left our city. The last and heavily laden train of Messrs. Glasgow and that of their proprietors, will not be loaded for a while. In the company just started, the most conspicuous trades were Messrs. Hendl, M'Knight, Mastens and Wilson. The latter has a large stock of goods, and has latched themselves for self-protection, to the company, and will probably be found in Santa Fe. Some few gentlemen have also joined the company, and will probably be found in Santa Fe. Some few gentlemen have also joined the company, and will probably be found in Santa Fe. Some few gentlemen have also joined

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Music of the Ocean.

Lonely and wild it rose,
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the height we trembled to discloss
An ocean unknown.

Again a low, sweet tone,
Trusting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just broke the rushed thought to pressure own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the leaving plain
Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around,
And died again.

O, boundless deep! we know
Then how strange wonders in the ghoom concealed,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is sealed!

And an eternal sleep
Hangs o'er the mighty dead, whose dwelling-place
Is where coral rises with creeping band,
Where coral rises by the grateful beaches flag
O'er golden sand.

But still, O, restless main,
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblems of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like myself arrayed,
Strong in immortal and unshrinking delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with us and prisoned in fleshy sting,
Like these own home, whose storms or peace prevail
As the winds breath?

Alas for human thought,
How does it flee existence, worn and old,
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould.

'Tis vain the reckless waves
Joon with loud roar! roost the dim upon them,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

An Interesting Couple.—We once saw a country boy standing opposite his father's barn, very particularly engaged in trying to insult the echo of his own voice as follows:

Boy. Hallo, old sinner! what d' ye think of the weather?

Echo. The weather!

Boy. You, the weather—it is going to rain!

Echo. Going to rain!

Boy. I thought so. How's your ma?

Echo. Your ma!

Boy. No, not my ma, but your ma!

Echo. Your ma!

Boy. I guess you've dead: she isn't I speak louder!

Echo. Louder!

Boy. Well, then: a hog is hog, and an ass you!

Echo. An ass you!

Boy. So as I.

Echo. So as I.

"There, darn it!" said the boy, turning for home, "we're quite now. I kind'd I'd heerh him in the end."

What is the Most Perfect Government?—"This," said Hue,—"where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor."

"This," said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where extreme wretchedness and vice detested."

"This," said Pittacus, "whose dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never the base."

"That," said Chilon, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

"But that," said Solon, "where an insult done to the meanest subject, is an insult to the whole constitution."

A Profitable Hunter.—When Isaiah Thomas, printer of the Printer's Almanac, was called upon by a printer's devil to know what he should put against the thirteenth of July, Mr. T. replied, "Anything; shoot the boy out of Ekan, and throw him into the snow," at which the country was amazed, but it so happened that it actually rained, hailed, and snowed on that day, and proved a profitable storm to the proprietor of the Almanac for the future numbers published.

Grace after Meat.—One day at the table of the late Dr. Porter, Dean of Ely, just as the cloth was being removed, the steward of the household happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, on see the gentleman bend his remarks, and gave the company grace in—"We have all every day: may the Lord's name be praised!"

Double Letters.—A pretty little maid of Erin presented herself at the grate of the Post Office the other day, and handing in a letter, modestly asked how much was to pay. On one side the letter was a letter mother, and she wished to pay in advance. The clerk was astonished at the usual question of "single or double?" when the replied with the most bewildering answer, at the same time blushing up to the eyes, "double an! I was married last week."

General Prosperity.—"Pr," said a boy to his admiring paternal relative, "Pa, Mr Tempest said at his speech last night that General Prosperity had left the country—where is he gone?"

"Go furlough, my boy," said the pa.

"They should have sent him to Florida," quickly responded the young prospective, and interrogated no more, but went and sent him to Florida to fight the Indians.

Independence of the cash System.—Confound your cash system!" cried a man about town, "if it comes about, what are we to do?" Borrow enough. If it becomes the fashion for hand to be paid regularly once a week, what would become of those who waste pay on Sunday? Why we would be obliged to change from house to house once a week, instead of once in three months, as at present.

Puberty vs Example.—A teacher, one day, in correcting a composition by one of his scholars, objected to the phrase "as the old saying goeth." He called the attention of the whole school to the subject by one of great importance. The phrase at all," said he, "is a useless phrase; it has no meaning; it adds nothing to the strength of a sentence. Indeed, it should never be used at all."

A Toast—At a dinner party one day, Sir John H——, whose character was considered to be not altogether unexceptionable, and he would give them a toast which was looking in the face of Mr. M——, who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, gave —Mistress of honor honest Mistress M——. With a bow, Sir John," and Mrs. M——, "for it neither applies to you nor me."

Nothing will cure the Sick.—Alchandes one day observing Pericles in a very pensive and melancholy mood, demanded the reason of it. "Have you paid him?" Said Pericles many of money had passed through his hands, and he knew not how to make up his accounts otherwise, then," and Alchandes, "to give an account at all."

No Reason to Remove.—A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was announced before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the host, who intended to get rid of his preach. "I beseech you sir," said he, "to excuse me I find myself very well where I am."

Irish Wit.—A poor freshman passing through a village near Chester saw a crowd of people approaching, and as they came nearer he observed a hearse. He was answered, "A man is going to be buried." "Oh!" replied the Irish chap to see that,—he carry them in our country."

Newark Revenge.—Soon after Lord Sidney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave their works. "Thus," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

Sublime.—Night came brooding over the broad face of nature—the stars began to sparkle in the blue sky—the lonely cattle seemed to invoke repose —when lonaked sullied forth on the dark purposes of death. Many a footman that night met an ominous end.

A Fit Reply.—"You charge me fifty rupees," said a Yankee to the daughter, "for a little hair, but that only cost you ten days labor." "You forget," replied the barber, "I have been thirty years learning to make that last about ten days."

Dear.—Dear, Junior says, "one debt begets another"—and we suppose he would like to owe a man a dollar, as sure to owe him also a grudge; and he is always more ready to pay compound interest on the latter, than on the former.

Keech's Wit.—"I don't like to patronize the line," said a culprit to a magistrate.

"O, never mind that now," said Jack, it will soon suspend its operations."

Not a bad Idea.—"Will you lend father your newspaper for next week?" wants to read it."

"Yes, my boy; and tell him to lend me his current; I only want to end it."

Money.—He who spends money properly, is the master; he who kept it up, the keeper; he who loses it, the loser; he who lives it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolater.

Fashion.—"Pa, why does mother call you "my dear?" You are not a woman, are you Pa?" "I think maybe I am, son, for your mother does nothing but finds fault."

A Tale.—A fellow in New Orleans, advertised a lost dog "with the end of his tail cut off." The editor inserted the notice been concerned, but of course with no end to his tail.

Dreadful.—That is making a hole through another one's body for the purpose of repairing an injury which has been done your own character.

Love and Horsemanship.

BY CHARLES O'MALLEY.

Mike's voice in the lawn beneath interrupted my reading further, and on looking out I observed him and Sir George Dashwood's servant standing beside a large and striking-looking horse, which they were both examining with all the critical accuracy of adepts.

"Arrah, sir," he was darling, a real beauty every inch of him!"

"That 'you relint don't signify nothing; he aren't the worse of it," said the English groom.

"Of course he aren't," replied Mike. "What a forehand! and the legs, clean as a whip."

"There's the best of him, though," interrupted the other, patting the strong hind-quarters with his hand.

"There's the stuff to push him along through heavy ground and carry his own over ditches."

"Oh a stone wall," said Mike, thinking of Galway.

My own impatience to survey the horse, which was the expected present from Sir George Dashwood, had now brought me into the courtyard, but before many minutes were over I had him saddled, and was careering around the lawn with a spirit and energy I had not felt for months long. Some small fences lay in front of the house, over which he rid me with all the ease and freedom of a trained hunter. My courage mounted with the exercise, and I looked eagerly around for some bold and deadly leap.

"You may take him over the avenue gate," said the English groom, divining with a jockey's readiness what I desired; "he aren't the first he's done."

Strange as my equipment was, as undress jacket flying loosely open, and a bare head, away I went. The gate and fence I never spoke of was a strongly barred one of oak timber, nearly five feet high—its difficulty as a leap only increased in the wide-spread approach to it, and the fact that it opened upon a hard road beyond.

In a second or two a kind of half four canter announced my success, and, turning around, I gave my bridle full weak and yielding; but as I pressed into the canter, that secret sympathy between the horse and I, which does suddenly happen, and presented my spurs to his flanks and dashed him at it.

Unaccustomed to such treatment, the noble animal bounded nobly forward; with two tremendous plunges, he sprang within the air, and shaking his long mane with passion, stretched out at the gallop.

My own blood boiled now as tempestuously as his, and on I dashed and rushing, full of triumph I ran at the gate. Just at the instant two figures appeared before me—the one rushed forward to approach hitherto—but they stood low as if transfixed; the wild attitude of the latter, and the shrill cry of his rider, had deprived them for the time of all efficacy, and overcome by the sudden danger, they remained rooted to the spot where I passed. I said, spoke, begged, or implored, heaven knows—and I but there stood not! One moment more, and they must be trampled beneath my horse's feet. He was already at the gate, and with the bound I when wheeling half aside, I faced him at the wall. Never was I more at home, and I said stone masonry—and so I did so, I felt that I was putting my life in my hands, but the excitement of the deed of the hour I gave him so I lifted him to the leap. The bounded beneath it, and I was flying in the air, with a spring like a rocket he rose into the air, cleared the wall, and stood trembling and frightened on the road outside.

"Safe, by Jupiter! and splendidly done too," cried a voice near me, and I immediately recognized as Sir George Dashwood's.

"Lucy, my love, look up; Lucy, my dear, there's no danger now. She has fainted. O'Malley, fetch some water—fast. Poor thing! our own accidents shakes—why you've let your horse go, come in, Mr. O'Malley, and give support her for an instant. I'll fetch some water."

It appeared to me like a dream. I was in the presence of the girl, the cold and death-like features of Lucy Dashwood lay motionless upon my arm; her hand lately lonely open and stiffened clenched my cheek; the tramp of my horse, as he galloped round and round the field, startled me from the silence, as I stood there, gazing steadfast, upon the pale face and closed eyes from whom a solitary tear was slowly stealing. I know not how the moments passed—whether long or short of time—but at length a gentle tremor thrilled her frame, a slight, scarce perceptible motion of the face, her eyes unclosed, and panted, and heaving a deep sigh, she looked around her, and gradually her eyes turned and met—mine. Oh, no blue was utterable of that moment! It was no longer the look of the one who sue that gave me life, the expression was one of soft and speaking gratitude, she seemed to read in my heart, and I in hers, truth. There was a tone of deep and compassionate interest in the voice of the latter, which I had never heard before, as she spoke.

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